

Lady

No. 2

JANUARY 29, 1966

PENELOPE

7^p

ELEGANCE
CHARM AND
DEADLY
DANGER

U.N.C.L.E. MEETS THRUSH

MARINA - SPACE FAMILY ROBINSON
BEVERLY HILLBILLIES
BEWITCHED and
PERILS of
PARKER



FREE!
A HAIRBAND WITH
SECRET X-RAY DEVICE

10
fab
dresses
to be
WON

Lady P's

OWN

EXCITING ADVENTURES





How to use the SECRET X-RAY on your FREE HAIRBAND!



Sensational and secretive—
you wear it just like an
ordinary hairband to keep
your hair looking neat and
pretty, but...



...hold your hand up to
the light and look at it
through the viewer which
is concealed in the "up"
your headband—auto-
matically the device will
give you an x-ray view of
your hand!

Your post, M'Lady



HELLO, this is Lady Penelope! Thank you all very much indeed for the letters you posted to me last week. I'm so glad you like LADY PENELOPE, and I really am enjoying reading the interesting things you have to say.

I have chosen some letters to print here on the post page, and of course, there's a prize of ten shillings to every reader whose letter appears. If you'd like to try and win some extra pocket money, why not write to me at the address below? Don't forget to give your full name and address, and please list your six favourite stories or features in LADY PENELOPE at the same time. If you'd like a reply by post from me, please enclose a ready stamped, self addressed envelope.

no grown ups will be allowed in, except me. There will be dresses and shoes and in the back I will have a hairdressing shop. Whosoever I go to have my hair done, they always cut it the way Mum says. As for clothes, Mum gets me old fashioned gear that's too long because she says I'll soon grow.

Brenda Cooper,
Bristol.

Ah—but who's going to pay for the clothes and hair-dos in your shop, if no grown-ups are allowed in?

I have collected 62 foreign dolls dressed in national costumes. My favourite is a Spanish dancer which my aunt brought back from Barcelona. Have any other readers as many dolls, or do I hold the record? I have been collecting for four years.

Maureen Corri,
Edinburgh.



Here is a poem of
what actually
happened to me.

I broke the handle of the broom,
I threw my clothes around the room,
I smashed my piggy bank on the ground,
And then upon the floor I found,
The shilling that I thought I'd lost,
And now I've found it's going to cost,
Fifteen bob to mend the broom,
Half an hour to clear my room,
A piggy bank will cost a pound,
Thirty five times the shilling I found.
So now I know I must avoid,
Breaking things when I'm annoyed.

Julie Wepping
Manchester.

Have any other readers amusing poems like Julie's which I might be able to print?



How's this for an idea. I have made some great boots out of my wellies. I have had this pair of wellingtons for nearly a year, and I hated them. So I cut out squares along the top and now they look just like the boots you wear.

Pauline Mansfield,
Bristol.

Hope you checked with your mother first, before snipping bits out!

I am sick and tired of having pop music pumped into me morning, noon and night. My so-called friends look at me as if I've gone bald when I say Beethoven, instead of Beatles, Mozart instead of Manfred. Up the square!

Judith Roberts,
Hull.

There is good and bad in everything, Judith. Many people manage to enjoy the best of both worlds without going bald (or hairy) about it!

I often think that my teacher sees more of me than my parents. My dad has gone to work when I get up and I see my mum for half an hour before setting off to school. I am at school for seven, long, miserable hours. In the evening I

get about three and a half hours before bedtime, and most of that is spent doing homework. It all seems a bit potty to me.

Linda Hurst,
Leeds.

Please don't hesitate to write to me about your own opinions on school and homework.

What an insult! I am twelve years old. I can iron my own clothes, cook my tea, answer the phone properly, and type with four fingers. Yet last Friday I came home to find that my parents were going out and had got me a baby-sitter!

Angela Carter,
Sheffield.

Never mind. "baby" sitter is only an expression, Angela. At least your parents think about you before they go out, and I dare say the house would have been a bit eerie and creepy if you'd been all on your own.



I have a pet myna bird and I am looking for a male myna bird so that I can breed mini-mynas!

Ruth Payne,
Portsmouth.

When I grow up I'm going to open a shop just for girls of eight to ten, and

WRITE TO: LADY PENELOPE, 167 FLEET STREET, LONDON E.C.4. (COMP.)
(Remember to stamp your letter with the Lady Penelope signet ring which was last week's free gift to readers, or your letter cannot be considered for publication.)

NEXT WEEK!

WIN A HOLIDAY IN MAJORCA!
Here is your chance to win a wonderful fortnight's holiday in the sun! The winner can take a friend and two parents or guardians. If you don't want to swim, sunbathe and generally enjoy yourself, DON'T enter next week's competition!



PERILS OF PARKER

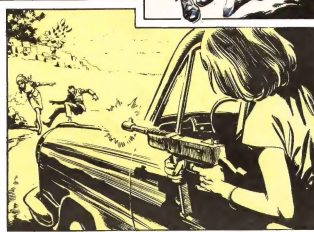
CLUMSY ... ARTFUL ... AND SAFE AS HOUSES!





Napoleon Solo, Illya Kuryakin and U.N.C.L.E. zoologist January Milidas have been ordered to Palma, Majorca, to investigate the mysterious death of a Spanish U.N.C.L.E. agent.







Lady Penelope speaking! In the vaults beneath my mansion are stored dossiers of all the cases in which I have been involved. This week we continue with File 7624—the story of Sandy Barton.

What started out as an ordinary Saturday morning for Sandy has turned into a nightmare. Witness to the theft of a fantastic diamond and a murder, she has been taken along by the two mysterious culprits in their escape aircraft. Now the plane crashes out of control over the Pyrenees mountains...

FLINCH FROM EVERY

SANDY lay very still. There was no sound save the gentle ticking of hot metal. Very cautiously, she opened her eyes, to see clear blue above, and in the same moment, she knew she was acutely uncomfortable.

She was lying in a patch of gorse-bush, flung from the twisted wreck of the aircraft that hung behind her in the splintered branches of a tall pine. The jolt had snapped the rope around her wrists, and she realised they were hurting.

Her dress was torn, and her shoes were a dozen yards apart on the bare, lonely mountainside... but miraculously, she was alive, and in one piece.

It all came flooding back to her... the man she'd seen struck down and killed outside the jeweller's near her home, the incredible, smooth-voiced man called Numeral 1, hooded, whose face she had never seen, bundling her into the car... and his

friend, Nicholas, driving like a madman to the deserted airfield in the country.

Sandy stood up very shakily, and gazed at the tree-hung wreckage. She could see the forepart of the fuselage, and Nicholas, sprawled sideways, still in the pilot's seat. Now something at the foot of the tree caught her eye, and there was the orange-sized washrather bag with its million-pound massive diamond inside!

QINGERLY, she stooped down and felt the weight of it. A fortune, held in her palm... and yet, on this barren, lonely mountain, what did it mean to the two curiously well-spoken men in their neat, uniform-like clothes? Who were they, these men who were so obviously much more than mere jewel-thieves?

A sound from the other side of the gorse patch brought her back to reality, and hastily, she tucked the drawstrings of the washrather bag into her belt. Then she stepped cautiously towards the sounds...

She found herself staring at a spreadeagled body, the tight black hood with its painted figure '1' still in place, the legs stirring restlessly with the first return of consciousness.

The man called Numeral 1 let out another groan and began to turn over, and suddenly, Sandy knew she had to get away. The moment before the plane had plunged out of control, it was Numeral 1 who had been going to throw her out, who'd been willing to take another life to silence the only witness against him. "There's too much at stake to let her tell anything she knows now, Nicholas," he had said to the pilot.

Her heart hammering, Sandy made sure that the diamond bag was secure at her waist, and fled at full stretch down the rocky mountain slope.

IT was long moments before Numeral 1 recovered his senses enough to open his eyes. Long moments before he found the strength to stand up. And then, as he too remembered what had happened, he tore the masking hood from his face and staggered to the foot of the tall pine tree.

"Nicholas!" he croaked. "Nicholas!" And slowly, painfully, he clambered up the battered trunk until he could haul himself into the dangling fuselage.

It took mere seconds to see that Nicholas was hurt... badly hurt. There could be no moving him. And seconds more to see that Sandy had gone, vanished... and the diamond with her.

Yet again, Numeral 1 showed no particular emotion. A plain, straight-forward crook might have cursed, clenched his teeth, but the eyes of this man showed only a glint of determination, a cold, callous certainty of success.

"I shall get the diamond back," he said aloud.



SHALLOW

"And I shall make sure this time, that a certain young lady is silenced. For ever. After all, Nicholas," he turned towards his insensible companion, "our backers have set their hearts on the diamond, and we can't really disappoint them."

THERE was a valley below him, beyond the sudden tree-line of thick woods. And there must have been a road, for distantly, Numeral 1 heard the sound of a siren, the rising and falling of an ambulance alarm.

"Ah! Someone's spotted the crash," he muttered. "They'll find you, Nicholas . . . and that means I have to come to grips with the girl even faster. After all, she knows your face, knows what's happened. We can't have her damaging our organisation's plans!"

Lurching with the pain of a dozen cuts and bruises, Numeral 1 dropped from the tree and began to scramble down towards the forests . . .

SANDY had made slow progress through the dense ranks of trees. Roots insisted on tripping her, brambles would keep tearing at her clothes. Wearily, she sank down against a fallen trunk and tried to collect her breath.

She too had heard the ambulance siren, far off . . . but in the maze of trees and trackless undergrowth, it had been impossible to pin-point its exact direction.

"This is like a wilderness," she said aloud. "Not a living soul, not a house, not a clearing . . . not even a path to lead anywhere. I don't even know which country I'm in!"

She rested her forehead against her clenched hands and tried desperately to think. "The Pyrenees . . . France, or Spain. Will they speak one or the other here? Maybe they use a dialect . . . Oh, gosh, I can't even remember the simplest French!"

And then, suddenly, a faint sound came to Sandy's ears. The unmistakable noise of something . . . someone . . . in the forest above her. Tensely, she listened. The noise stopped.

"Never mind the hide and seek! I can follow your tracks! Give up now!"

The voice of Numeral 1, faint and distant though it was, felt like a thunderclap on Sandy's ears!

"Come on—you can't win! All I want's the diamond! I'll turn you loose!"

Sandy could hardly move, and sweat had broken out fiercely on the palms of her hands. But somehow, she stumbled off again! She felt like an animal, pursued by a terror she could hardly name . . . tracked by a hunter who could catch her unawares, at any time . . . because she had never seen his face!

But what was that ahead? A clearing . . . yes, a clearing! And across it, unmistakably bare through the grass, a path! At last a road to possible freedom . . . at least a route on which her tracks could pass unseen! Sandy ran down it, her breath rasping.

Now a fork in the path, and Sandy blessed it.

How would Numeral 1 know which direction she had taken? She chose left, unthinking, and staggered on . . . and at last, the trees thinned out. There, a fence . . . and farmland! A toughly-ploughed field, dipping down as far as her eyes could see. Sandy clambered through the fence and went on.

"There must be a farmhouse somewhere! There must be!" Sandy knew she was crying aloud.

But there was none, and the field poured out over the dip, to plunge into more forest. Gasping, Sandy kept to the fence, and turned left along the edge of the trees. She glanced up at the sky . . . and it was visibly darkening. Her watch was broken—jarrd by the plane crash—but she knew it must be close to nightfall.

Again, she had to stop and rest . . . and this time, she knew she was tired. Desperately tired. Like a massive blind, darkness was being drawn across from the east. Sandy thought, idly, that she must be facing south, and towards Spain—if indeed she wasn't already in that country. And it was cold. The sudden chill that came with dusk made her shiver.

There had been a rough stack of hay at the far end of the field. It had been distinct before, but now it was just a silhouette. Sandy picked herself up and made for it, her instinct telling her that here, at least, was a bed for the night.

With leaden eyes, she burrowed out a nest in the foot of the stack and smuggled into it . . . and in moments, nobody would have known that she was there, a glittering fortune clutched in her hands . . . one of the largest diamonds in the world, and a young girl, fast asleep.

A HIGH, strong sun woke her, and for a second, the rich, warm smell of hay brought a waking smile to her face. But oh, how quickly she remembered the evening before, and oh, how cautiously she stole a look from her hideaway.

There was nothing to be seen. The field was empty . . . the forest beyond silent. Sandy noticed, away on the edge of the trees, a family of rabbits playing carelessly among the ploughed furrows. There could be no danger of any kind that way.

Then, her heart gave a sudden leap . . . for below the dip in the ground, there was a stone-built cottage . . . the farmhouse sanctuary she might easily have made the night before!

"Thank goodness! I'm safe at last!" Sandy couldn't help speaking the words aloud, and hurried forward towards the back of the building.

She heard voices, even as she approached the wooden lean-to shed behind the cottage, and instinctively, she knew that the hard, rough dialect was French. It made her smile, and think of the man who taught French at her school, Monsieur Delande. She wasn't much good at the grammar, but when he started gabbling away at dictation, she could get the gist of it.

"Une fillette?" she heard the farmer say. "Non, monsieur. Jamais vu." And the words wiped the smile from her face faster than a slap. "A young girl? No, sir. Haven't seen one."

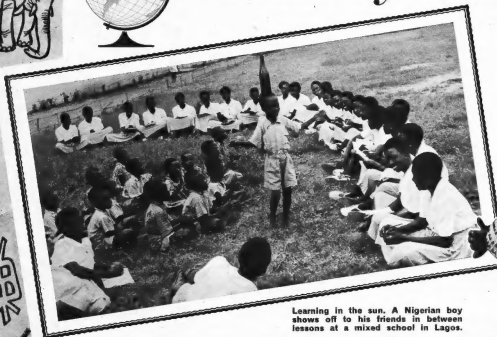
And then Sandy heard the halting, clumsy French of another man saying: "It doesn't matter. Thanks anyway." It was the unmistakable voice of her hunter, the man called Numeral 1!

TO BE CONTINUED





Schooldays...Nigerian Style



Learning in the sun. A Nigerian boy shows off to his friends in between lessons at a mixed school in Lagos.



This little Nigerian child, in tribal costume, adds to the colourful scene at a Nigerian festival.

FEMI gets up at 6 o'clock when it is already bright and warm, goes to family prayers and then gets on with her daily duty. Every member of the family has a small job to do each morning. Femi's is to make the beds. For breakfast she settles down to a plate of akra and oggi—ground beans fried, and served with tropical fruits. She then gets washed, puts on her green school uniform, sandals and beret. She is ready for school.

Femi is twelve. Her father works for the Nigerian government in Ibadan, and already Femi has decided she would like to help her country grow and prosper. She is a happy person, with a small round face divided in two by a smile packed with pearly teeth.

Nearly every day of the term, Femi trots off to school at 8 o'clock. She dare not be late. Teachers are treated with great respect ("not like in England") and any naughtiness is dealt with by the cane.

After morning assembly, the pupils disperse to their various classes. They learn English, as well as the usual subjects—geography, history, maths. They also spend a lot of school time learning the national language of Yoruba.

At the end of every three months, everyone has exams. If, at the end of the year, the final exam hasn't been passed, then they are kept down a year until they do. There are always plenty of plays and concerts in which to take part. School life is considered very important by both scholars and parents. At 12-30 the school breaks up for lunch, which may be rice and stew, or dodo—fried bananas and black beans.

AFTERNOON SLEEP

After one more lesson in the afternoon, school breaks up for the day at 2-30. It is too hot to do anything except sleep. Femi is considered lucky, because later in the day she and her brothers and sisters have a private tutor who comes to give them extra lessons. Then tea.

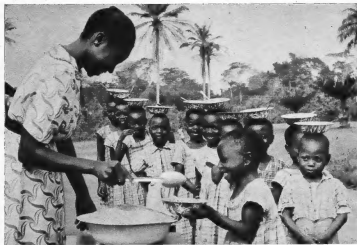
"This is usually fruit and ice cream and very cold drinks. Then we do our homework. Not a lot," says Femi. Her sister, on the other hand, is at a very strict boarding school. Pupils are not allowed more than 10/- worth of biscuits and nuts a term ("though you can get quite a lot for that!"). The girls must

supply their own mosquito nets, are allowed very little pocket money, and have all their letters to and from the school read by the headmistress. In the evenings the girls do their homework until it is time to go to bed.

TELEVISION

The Akerele house in Ibadan is very big, with large windows and white paintwork. There are long lawns with tropical shrubs growing along the side of the house. In the evening nearly every one evacuates into the garden. Some play tennis with their friends, the boys play football in a field down the road. The older members of the family put up with the heat and watch television indoors. "It is very good," says Femi. "We have Westerns, and sports programmes and very interesting plays."

Femi had a strange idea of England. "I used to think that everyone lived in a house like Lady Penelope's, and that everyone wore thick woolly sweaters all the year round. Oh, yes! And that they never stopped eating cakes and sweets and drinking cups of tea to keep themselves warm!"



The Beverly Hillbillies



GRANNY DECIDES THAT THE CLAMPETTS NEED A CHANGE OF DIET...

ICE BOX

I'M GOIN' TO FIX A MESS O' REAL MOUNTAIN STEW! BUT WE GOT TO GO SHOPPIN' FER THE RIGHT VITTLES!

REVELLON



OKAY, GRANNY! I'LL TAKE CHAMP FER HIS WALK AT THE SAME TIME!



AT AN EXCLUSIVE BEVERLY HILLS SHOPPING CENTRE...

WHAT'S UP WITH THESE BANG STORE-FOLK? THEY ACT LIKE THEY NEVER HEARD O' GOOD VITTLES!

LET'S TRY OVER THAR, GRANNY!



THE MANAGER OF THE STORE HAS NEVER HEARD O' THE MILLIONAIRES MOUNTAIN-FOLK!

WHATEVER YOU DO, DON'T LET THOSE TRAMPS IN!



BUT AS ELLY MAE APPROACHES THE SLING DOORS...

WHOOOPS! MIND WHERE YOU'RE GOIN', CHAMP!



YAAAAH!

FOOD

POGGIES! HE SURE SEEMS IN A HURRY TO GET SOMEPLACE!



OH, NO! I TOLD THE DOORMAN TO GET RID O' THEM!

THEY'RE THE CLAMPETTS!



THE CLAMPETTS ARE MY HUSBAND'S WEALTHIEST CLIENTS!

MILLIONAIRES! IN THAT CASE, I'LL SERVE THEM MYSELF, MRS. DRYSCALE!



NO NETTLE JUICE! NO GRITS? TARNATION, ANYBODY THINK I WAS ASKIN' FOR SOMETHIN' UNUSUAL!



HOW'M I GONNA FIX A MOUNTAIN STEW FER THE MEN-FOLK? YOU'VE BE TELLIN' ME YOU AINT GOT NO SKUNK LIVER NEXT!

S-SKUNK LIVER...

FEEEK! I CAN'T LISTEN TO HER ANY MORE!



THE STORE EMPTIES FAST!

DON'T EVEN TALK TO ME ABOUT FOOD!

THERE MUST BE EASIER WAYS O' MAKING A LIVING!



AIN'T NO WONDER YOU'RE LOSIN' CUSTOMERS, YOUNG FELLER! IT'S HIGH TIME YOU STOKED UP WITH GOOD, WHOLESOME FOOD!

RECKON FOLKS AROUND HERE MUST BE STARVED!

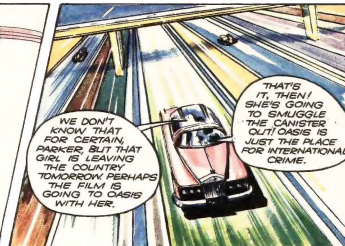
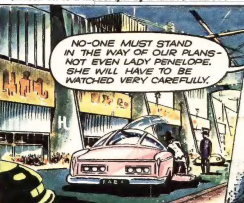


BY SOLLY, YOU'RE RIGHT, ELLY MAE! THERE'S ONLY ONE WAY TO MAKE SURE THESE POOR PEOPLE GET FED PROPER... AND THAT'S YA OPEN A GOR OWN STORE!

Lady PENELOPE



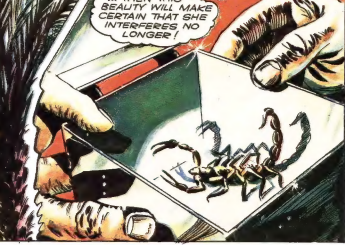
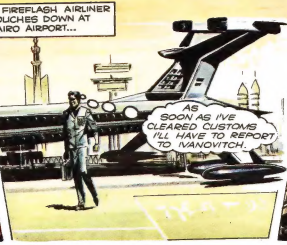
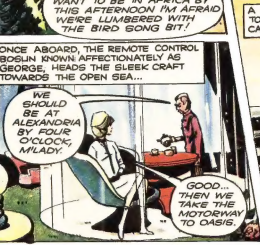
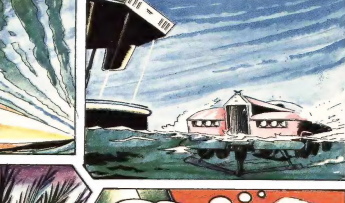
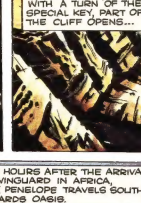
At Wickfens, the world's leading fashion house, Lady Penelope is observed when she discovers a canister containing microfilm. The film has been passed on to a model girl by a fortune man...



AT THE STately HOME, LADY PENELOPE PUTS THROUGH A CALL TO JEFF TRACY, HEAD OF INTERNATIONAL RESCUE...



THEN HER LADYSHIP TELEPHONE'S WICKFENS...



THE RYAN BROTHERS



AT 16.25 hours, there was a gentle knock on the door of my Editorial office. Four identical eyes peeped round the door. "Lady Penelope?" said two identical mouths. "I'm Paul," said the dark-haired, dark-eyed Ryan Brother. "And I'm Barry," said the other dark-haired, dark-eyed Ryan Brother.

I explained that I might have a little difficulty in trying to identify them with the right names. They were most reassuring. "Well, we've been twins all our lives and we still get mixed up, don't we, Barry . . . er, Paul, I mean?" said Barry.

I noticed their ties—black lace over gold satin. "Glad you like 'em. We design all our clothes ourselves, and then we have a tailor make them up for us," said Barry—I think. "You'd be surprised how our style of dress is catching on, there's even a Barry and Paul haircut. I think everyone, including us, is getting sick of the usual sloppy look."

The two brothers arrived in London from Leeds over twelve months ago.

"Leeds is great," said Paul apologetically, "but we wanted to get into show business so we had to come down to London really, didn't we?"

Both of them have soft Yorkshire accents, both went to the same school, then the same art college. They are practically the same height, share the same flat, have the same gentle confidence.

"Do you ever tire of being twins?" I asked.

"Not really — we have very few differences," said Barry.

"He talks too much," whispered Paul aggressively in my ear.

It's funny
y'know, Barry,
but I can't
help feeling
I'm being
watched . . .

I wondered whether having a famous mother singer had helped or hindered them in their career.

"She did everything she could to stop us from making a record or going into show business," Paul explained. "It is such a very precarious way of making a living. But now we've had such success with our first record, *Don't Bring Me Your Heartaches*, she knows we're happy and she isn't as worried."

"Then there's the question of 'yar—it's only 'cos your mother's famous . . . ' which isn't really fair. The audiences we sing to just won't take any nonsense like that."

"He talks too much," whispered Barry aggressively in my ear.

The Ryan Brothers' new record is on release, *Have Pity on The Boy*. They have just returned from a quick tour of Israel, and a visit to Holland. What now?

"Off to America," said Barry, "to appear on the Ed Sullivan show and do a tour over there."

"There may be other things as well while we are in America—but I'm afraid it's Top Secret," said Paul sinisterly.

At 17, the Ryan Brothers are already established. They are young, modern, successful. They take the days as they come. They don't worry that their popularity will fade, that they will become has-beens. They are happy and courteous—they enjoy their work, remain unimpressed about 'fame and glory'.

"FABULOUS"

-SAYS LADY PENELOPE



LADY PENELOPE TEA SET

Lovely Lady Penelope tea set in 'Penelope pink'. This is a REAL 29 piece tea set which includes an authentic Georgian tea pot, sugar bowl and milk jug, each with its own Lady Penelope monogram. Beautifully laid-out in a colourful window-display box.

14/11^D

LADY PENELOPE JEWELLERY SET

Charming Lady Penelope jewellery set, containing a pearl necklace, bracelet and a ring which can be adjusted to fit any finger.

The whole set is in 'Penelope pink'

1/11^D

LADY PENELOPE DRESSING TABLE SET

'Penelope pink' dressing table set, all monogrammed with Lady Penelope's own initial. The set includes an elegant hand mirror, hair brush and comb and a gorgeous powder bowl decorated with an imitation orchid.

The set comes in it's own beautiful display box.

8/11^D

**ALL THESE WONDERFUL THINGS FROM
LADY PENELOPE... ON SALE SOON!!**

***Elegance! Charm! and Deadly Danger! So LOOK OUT...
there's more on the way from Lady Penelope!***

J. ROSENTHAL (TOYS) LTD.

LONDON COLISEUM • ST. MARTINS LANE • LONDON • W.C.2

Space Family Robinson



The brilliant Robinson family are settling down in their new home—the giant space station which has been launched from Earth to explore the outer regions of the Solar System. Each member of the family is busy as the massive ship speeds through space...

ANOTHER TWENTY THOUSAND MILES AND WE REACH OUR ORBIT POSITION, JUNE.

YES, CRAIG. THE CHILDREN ARE WORKING OUT THE FINAL COMPUTER CALCULATIONS NOW.

IN THE SPACE STATION'S COMPUTER ROOM TIM AND TAM PLOT THE FUTURE COURSE...

DO YOU THINK CLANDY AND YACKER WILL SETTLE DOWN ALL RIGHT, TIM?

IN EXACTLY FIVE MINUTES DAD WILL BE FIRING THOSE RETRO-ROCKETS.

WITH SECONDS TO GO THE TWO MALE ROBINSONS MAN THE CONTROLS OF THEIR SPACE CRAFT...

FOUR... THREE... TWO... ONE... CONTACT!

SPEED REDUCING FAST, DAD.

PREPARE TO ENGAGE ORBITAL LOCK, TIM.

QUIT WORRYING ABOUT THOSE ANIMALS, SUE... THEY'LL BE FINE. YOUR FUTURE'S MATCH MINE, SO THAT COMPLETES THE CHECK.

COME ON THEN, WE'D BETTER GET THIS MATERIAL TO HIM IMMEDIATELY.

JUNE AND TAM ARE SOON BUSY IN THEIR WELL-EQUIPPED KITCHEN...

THAT LASER BEAM BOASTER SURE IS NUTTY, MUM.

...AND WHAT A TIME SAVED! IT COOKS ANYTHING IN SECONDS. GIVE THE BOYS A GULP, TAM. EVERYTHING'S READY.

ORBITAL LOCK ON...

MOTORS OUT... WELL, I DON'T KNOW ABOUT YOU, TIM, BUT I'M HUNGRY.

OKAY, CRAIG. I CAN TAKE A HINT. TAM AND I WILL FIX SOMETHING WHILE YOU MAKE YOUR REPORT TO EARTH CONTROL.

AND GO THE ROBINSONS TUCK INTO THEIR FIRST SPACE MEAL...

WHEN DO WE START WORK, DAD, AFTER DINNER?

NO, SON, WE'RE GOING TO STICK TO EARTH HOURS... I RECHARGE WE'VE ALL HAD A TIRING DAY. WE'LL JUST RELAX AND WATCH TELEVISION.

AND EARLY TO BED!

I'D BETTER TAKE CLANDY FOR HIS WALK THEN...

TAM TAKES THE EXCITED PUP THROUGH THE MAZE OF CORRIDORS...

SUDDENLY...

COME ON, CLANDY... TWICE AROUND THE STATION, OTHERWISE YOU'LL BE GETTING FAT... SEE, THAT STAR SURE IS BRIGHT!

IT'S CALLING!

FEDERAL AGENTS BUREAU

LADY Penelope here! Time for another meeting of the FAB CLUB—Federal Agents Bureau to any newcomers who didn't know! FAB's aims are to keep LADY PENELOPE readers bang up to date with all the news about anything and everything! From fashion to Frankenstein! Any ideas? Then drop me a line. Send in your photo, too, and I'll try to include it on this page.

Penelope C.W.



FIONA the AUTHORESS

FIONA SAINT is an authoress—**at seven!** Her first book is to be published this spring in half a dozen countries, including Britain, America and Switzerland.

It all started when Fiona won a prize in a children's essay competition organised by a national newspaper. For her story about an ink factory in Islington she won premium bonds and a silver quill as a trophy.

Then a publisher read the essay and decided it would be perfect for a children's picture story book. And that's how fair-haired Fiona became an authoress!

Fab Food Dept.



SAUSAGES IN POTATO JACKETS

For 4 portions you need:

- 1lb. Wolf's Country beef chipolatas
- 4 large potatoes
- Knob of butter or margarine
- A little milk to moisten
- Salt and pepper
- 2 hard boiled eggs, chopped
- 1 level teaspoon chopped parsley

Wash and scrub potatoes (do not peel) and bake in a moderately hot oven (400°F. or Gas Mark 6) for 1-1½ hours. For the last 3 hour of this cooking time, lay out sausages (do not prick) on a well greased baking sheet and place in oven.

When potatoes are ready, cut a thin slice from the top of each one and scoop out the insides. Wash this potato, and beat in the butter, milk, salt and pepper, chopped egg and parsley.

Place a spoonful of this mixture in the bottom of each potato jacket and lay a sausage on top. Divide the remaining potato among the remaining potato jackets, and lay a sausage on top.

ELEGANCE

... nails aren't for nibbling—hope you don't bite yours!

CHARM

... it's bad manners to comb your hair in public!

DEADLY DANGER

... make sure matches are well out of reach of small children!

● marge

White out on a fine summer's day.

Our Marge heard somebody say

"It's a shame about Marge
Wearing shoes like a barge.
When she goes out, it's
"Achahs away!"

beauty corner

BATHTIME BEAUTY

IT'S the best beauty treatment in the world—a luxurious bath! Nothing works more to relieve tensions, relax muscles and make your skin glow—gets you clean, too!

But it's no use just lying in your bath daydreaming of marrying Donovan, or practising to become a pop singer! Relax for five or ten minutes, by all means—but then start work!

While the bath water is running, add some sweet smelling bath salts. There are plenty to choose from, at all prices, but Dubarry Autumn Fern are inexpensive and smell lovely.

Avoid having the water too hot—this is very drying to the skin. If your skin is dry, add a little bath oil to the water. Outdoor Silk Skin will help to smooth out the driest skin.

When you've relaxed for a while, get down to serious business. Wash thoroughly in a good soap, then gently rub away hard skin on heels with a pumice stone. Using a backbrush that has firm but not harsh bristles, gently lather your back to get the circulation going. Backs of arms, elbows, knees and any other rough or goosebumpy areas need the same treatment.

Goosebumps are usually caused by poor circulation, but regular massaging with a soapy brush will help to get your circulation working properly again.

Rinse, then towel yourself dry. Put on talcum powder—try to match it with your bath salts and soap. Girls with dry skin may want to rub moisture or body cream into arms and legs. But an inexpensive hand cream, such as Nulon, does the job ideally, too. Finally, don't catch cold! Hop straight into bed, and pleasant dreams!

MORE FAB FOUNDER MEMBERS



Shona Ramsden, Edinburgh.



Lorraine McDonald, Newcastle.



Lorraine's sister, Joanne.

FAB CLUB

MEET three more founder members of F.A.B.—the Federal Agents Bureau! If you'd like your photograph to be printed on this page, post it in! Remember to write your full name and address on the back. Please enclose a ready stamped, self addressed envelope if you'd like your photo returned later.

MY ADDRESS: FAB CLUB, LADY PENELOPE, 167 Fleet Street, London E.C.4. (Please enclose a stamped, self addressed envelope if you'd like a reply by post from here.)



"I just don't know what this younger generation's coming to, mate!"

HEADSQUARES HIT THE HEADLINES

Dresses with matching
headgear are
TOP gear this
Spring!

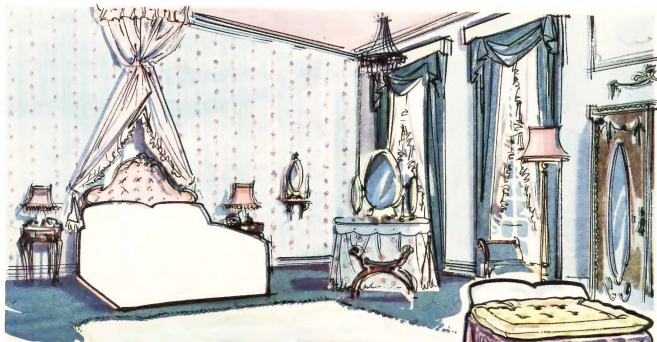


10 of these outfits to be WON!

HERE is a super dress complete with matching headsquare by Junior Club Fashion. It's the outfit chosen for this week's competition prizes, a neat pinafore style dress in 100 per cent washable cotton. It is sold in sizes 26" to 32" length, in black and orange and black and lime. There is a little hip belt to match the "blouse" and headsquare. These dresses will be available at stores up and down the country, including Harrods of London. They will sell at £3 9s. 6d.



Pick the bedspread for Lady Penelope's room



WOULD you like to wear the fabulous dress pictured on the page opposite? Well, quick—enter this week's easy competition, because TEN of those dresses and matching headpieces, made by Junior Club Fashions, are waiting to be won! This week you are asked to help Lady Penelope select a new bedspread for her bedroom.

The room is pictured above, and on the right are four possible bedspreads. Taking all the furnishings into consideration, decide which spread will look best and place the remaining three in order of preference. Cut them out and try them on the picture if you like.

When you have made your choice, cut out the coupon below and fill it in with your full name, address and age. List your choice of spreads (A, B, C and D) in order of preference, and in not more than ten words, complete the sentence "My first choice looks best because..." State the size and colour of dress you would like if you win, then post your entry to the address on the coupon.

RULES

All entries will be examined, and the ten which, in the opinion of the judges, have the most original completion of sentence and are correct in selecting the bedspreads, will be the winners. The senders of these entries will each be sent a Junior Club dress and headpiece as shown on page 16.

Age and neatness will also be taken into consideration when the entries are judged.

The competition is open to all readers in the U.K. other than relatives or agents of employees of A.P. Films (Merchandising) Ltd., City Magazines Ltd., or LADY PENELOPE magazine.

The Editor's decision is final in all matters concerning this competition, and NO CORRESPONDENCE CAN BE ENTERED INTO CONCERNING IT. Do not enclose any other correspondence, queries or photographs with your entry. Any entries which do so are liable to disqualification. Proof of posting will not be accepted as proof of delivery. ENTRY IS FREE.

Winners' names will be printed in LADY PENELOPE as soon as possible. Winners will be notified by post within three weeks after closing date. CLOSING DATE: Tuesday, 1st February, 1966.



BEDSPREAD COMPETITION

NAME

ADDRESS

AGE

In order of preference my choice of bedspreads are:

☐ 1st ☐ 2nd ☐ 3rd ☐ 4th

My first choice looks best because

(limit 10 words)

If I win I would like a Junior Club

dress and headpiece in size

in black/orange.....(tick

OR black/lime.....choice)

POST TO: LADY PENELOPE'S

BEDSPREAD COMPETITION,

37, High Holborn, London, W.C.89.



IN THE NICK OF TIME, SAMANTHA CHANGES HARRIET'S CUP WITH DARRIN'S.



BUT AT LEAST THE COFFEE IS A LITTLE BETTER!

UUULP!



IN AN EFFORT TO PROTECT HIS AUNT FROM ENDORA, DARRIN ENTICES HARRIET INTO THE GARDEN. REALLY, MOTHER... YOU WON'T EVEN GIVE HARRIET A CHANCE TO LIKE ME! BUT AT LEAST YOU CAN'T SEITCH HER OUT THERE!



OH, CAN'T I? YOU'VE FORGOTTEN SOMETHING, DEAR!

...SHE HATES FROGS!

AAAAAOWW!



IT IS TOO MUCH FOR AUNT HARRIET.

SHE... SHE'S TRYING TO HUMILIATE ME! I'M NOT STAYING IN THIS HOUSE A MINUTE LONGER!

AUNT HARRIET... WAIT! IT WASN'T SAMANTHA'S FAULT!



ARE YOU SATISFIED? IT'S A WONDER YOU DIDN'T SNOTHER HARRIET IN WILD POPPIES! YOU KNOW THEY GIVE HER HAY FEVER!



I DIDN'T KNOW... BUT THANKS FOR TELLING ME!

AND AS HARRIET OPENS THE DOOR

AFTERNOON, MAAM! I HAVE A SPECIAL DELIVERY FOR MISS HARRIET HOLROYD!



WILD POPPIES!

OH, SAMANTHA... THEY'RE FROM YOU! WHAT A LOVELY SURPRISE! YOU REMEMBERED THAT WILD POPPIES ARE MY FAVOURITE FLOWERS!

HUH?



SHE LIKES WILD POPPIES! YOU TRICKED ME, SAMANTHA!

WHO'S BEEN TRICKING WHO?



YOU'RE A LUCKY MAN, DARRIN! HAVEN'T I ALWAYS SAID THAT SAMANTHA IS A BEAUTIFUL, CLEVER GIRL?





Marina

GIRL OF THE SEA

Aphony, father of Marina, and ruler of the peaceful underwater city of Pacifica, has called all the major undersea races together to sign a peace treaty. Titan, cruel leader of the Aquaphibians, arrives at the banquet...



THANK YOU FOR COMING, TITAN. WILL YOU SIT BY MY SIDE?

CERTAINLY, APHONY... IT IS MY PLEASURE... AND I SEE I SHALL BE CLOSE TO THE FAIR MARINA.

BEFORE THE BANQUET BEGINS, APHONY ADDRESSES THE ASSEMBLED DIGNITARIES WHO HAVE COME FROM ALL PARTS OF THE OCEANS...



TODAY WE HAVE ALL SIGNED THE PEACE TREATY. ONLY ONE SIGNATURE REMAINS TO BE ADDED SO THAT LASTING PEACE IS ASSURED.



I WILL NOW CALL UPON TITAN, MIGHTY LEADER OF TITANICA, TO MAKE KNOWN HIS DECISION.



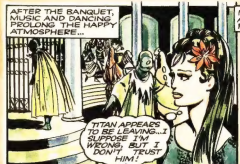
AS HE RISES, THERE IS AN EVIL GLINT IN TITAN'S EYES...

IT IS WELL KNOWN THAT THE PEOPLE OF TITANICA REGARD THEMSELVES AS THE MASTER RACE. NOTHING HAS HAPPENED TO ALTER THAT BELIEF...

BUT I SEE NO REASON WHY I SHOULD NOT SIGN YOUR TREATY... LET IT BE DONE. THERE WILL BE EVERLASTING PEACE!



THE BANQUETING HALL ERUPTS IN THUNDEROUS APPLAUSE AND LOUD CHEERING. THE CELEBRATIONS BEGIN...



AFTER THE BANQUET, MUSIC AND DANCING PROLONG THE HAPPY ATMOSPHERE...

TITAN APPEARS TO BE LEAVING. I SUPPOSE I'M WRONG, BUT I DON'T TRUST HIM!

MARINA TELLS APHONY HER FEARS...



NONSENSE, MY DEAR CHILD. TITAN HAS LEFT BECAUSE HE LIKES TO KEEP TO HIMSELF. HE HAS SIGNED THE TREATY... WHAT MORE CAN WE ASK?

BUT AT THAT MOMENT, FOUR MARINE MILES FROM PACIFICA...



THE TERROR FISH ARMADA IS MET BY TITAN'S FLAGSHIP. HE GIVES FINAL INSTRUCTIONS...



ALL AQUAPHIBIAN COMMANDERS WILL COMMENCE PLAN SEAHORSE. THERE MUST BE NO MISTAKES!



WE ARE READY, MIGHTY TITAN.

VERY WELL. BEGIN THE ATTACK! DESTROY PACIFICA... AND EVERYONE IN THE CITY!